ARIZONA FACT AND FANCY AT THE FAIR.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 12.—Not all the queer shows at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, nor all the fakirs, are on the Pike. If you go to the more obscure places of the fair's many square miles of grounds you will find that there are as many amusements down in the gullies and up on the hills as on the brick-paved midway.

Far away in a corner is a section devoted to mining exhibitions. It is in a part of what were called Forest Hills, and a better situation couldn't have been selected.

If you have ever visited a district of real mines you will see at once the truthfulness of this imitation and feel the atmosphere. There are gold mines and coal, silver mines and copper; and in each a concession has been given for some kind of quarter or half-dollar shows. Among these is an Arizona camp.

Imagine yourself, if you can, away down in the Southwest, hundreds of miles from anywhere that is conventional. Passing over a divide, you look into a valley and see a huddle of rude habitations, which you recognize at once as a mining camp. It is a close counterfeit of reality; and on entering it you find that the customs and manners are reproduced, too.

It is surprising what a similarity there is between its ways and those of the levees of any Mississippi River town. Nevertheless, there are Spanish aspects that have come into Arizona across the border from Mexico. Broadbrim hats and wide bottom trousers are on some of the men, and one of the drinking and dancing resorts has a Spanish-Mexican orchestra of guitars and mandolins.

Characteristically, the first business enterprise started in the Arizona camp at the fair was a saloon. It has been quickly multiplied, and rivalry has arisen as to which shall be the most crude.

Still more roughly realistic is the dance hall and its accompanying features. This is the latest of the fair's amusement resorts to open, and it is already a favorite place for the "raggers" of St. Louis.

The ragger is a local type, and he flourishes in the downtown residence district, the people of which are very like those of the corresponding district of any large city. He is to St. Louis what the Bowery boy was to New York. He has transferred his affections from the suburban dancing pavilions to this Arizona gulch, where he finds an isolation from politeness, if not all of the real thing.

To tell it briefly, the Arizona mining camp is principally a big dance hall, with a stage variety show and several bars, all as free from restraint as the good humored authorities will permit. The writer cannot modestly be more explicit. The reader must imagine where the line is drawn between the very gay and the downright disgraceful.

The stage performers this week are announced as the Sixty Rattler Girls, presumably so named in honor of Rattlesnake Pete, or some other rattling Arizonan. Their entertainment consists of songs and dances, all far behind the present date. Presumably that is because vaudeville novelties grow old in the States before they reach the Territories.

The rattler girls present about the variety common to the low grade travelling burlesque companies. That is to say, they range from young and comely creatures with no talent to matronly women who have ability but are longer blessed with any share of good looks.

Between the stage acts there are dances in the auditorium, every one joining in who cares to. In these dances it is hard to tell which among the men are St. Louis raggers and which are Arizona miners.

NOT A GENUINE ARIZONA CAMPER

The miners try to outrag the raggers, not compelled to do double duty behind and before the footlights.

The leader of the troupe was once a burlesque actress in first class theatres, but that was before she became fat and 50. She still knows her business. Next to her in professional grade are two Spanish dancers, young, pretty and graceful. Why are they in such company?

Within the Arizona camp is a little railway, which connects with the narrow gauge line running all the way down through the mining district. An odd thing in the construction of the dance hall is that the tracks are laid between the stage and the orchestra, and passengers are delivered right in the midst of the festivities.

This is a curious place altogether. Yet the discerning visitor is convinced that its great prosperity rests on the impression that there is more doing than really is done.

It doesn't begin to be as wild, woolly or wicked as many a resort just off the fair grounds. But it is genuine as far as it goes, and it goes far enough.

The camp outside the dance halls and the saloons is not ready yet. But there are interesting human things in it.

Roaming about may be seen Jim Gaines, and the raggers as resolutely strive to prove that they're less tenderfooted than the miners. The feminine partners in the dancing are girls from the city, who have come out with the boys for an evening in the gulch, and the rank and file—the Arizona name for them is chair warmers—from the show company, the principals of which are

THE ORCHESTRA OF AN ARIZONA DANCE HALL. COPYRIGHT, LA. PURCHASE FAIR.

noted here as the driver of a twenty mule team on a daily trip around the grounds. When in the real Arizona his team, or one like it hauls water and food to some borax mines in Death Valley and brings away the product.

And you may run across old Billy Gaillard, well known in Arizona as the gold hunter who never found it—whose hard luck began when he went West and hasn't ceased, except that now he gets wages for no work, as an exhibit.

The camp's incompleteness has a funny look to passengers on the Intramural Railway. A painter has undertaken to turn the outside of the irregular fence into a range of mountains, but the structure is nowhere more than fifteen feet high, and even that all too small surface seems to have exhausted his paint or his pay, and the landscape is a wildly impressionist picture, or a circus billboard after a rainstorm, or anything else that the imagination of the observer may suggest—but not Arizona scenery.

Two Wild West shows of the Buffalo Bill kind are on the Pike and a third is just off the fair grounds. They differ in size, but are alike in their performances by rough riding cowboys and war dancing Indians. Not a new thing to describe is done in the arenas.

Yet in the biggest of these shows a surprising trick, feat, exploit, or whatever else it may be called—and harsh words are used sometimes in describing it—is well worth the half dollar you have paid for admission, always providing you don't let yourself give the extra quarter asked for it.

You are met at the head of an aisle by a bowing, smiling usher. The urbanity of a fellow who looks like a candy butcher in a circus perplexes you, and you guess that he mistakes you for some guest of consequence.

He asks whether you would like a front seat in his section, or further up the incline, or over here on this side, or yonder on the other side; and when you have made your choice he escorts you to the place, takes a small cushion from the armful that he carries and puts it on the bare bench where you are going to sit.

The bit of portable upholstery is a positive comfort. Probably you say "Thank you" to the attentive chap. He looks "You're quite welcome," or "Don't mention it," or something like that; but he doesn't say so, and in about ten seconds you learn the reason why not. It is not till you have adjusted yourself nicely to the cushion that he speaks again.

"Twenty-five cents," he says, very calmly.

"What for?" you ask.

"Twenty-five cents for the cushion," he responds, with an expression of mild surprise that you have asked such a silly question.

The next thing you say depends on the kind of man you are and the circumstances of your particular case. The writer didn't say anything, but stood up and let the man take the cushion away. Then he sat down and enjoyed the various behavior of others.

"Take it away while it's cool," said an old man whose anger was hot.

"On your way with it," said a young man who laughed.

But the matter was not so easily disposed of when a fellow had brought his best girl and his pride said pay, while his purse said no, don't do it. One such victim gave up a half dollar and tried to look cheerful.

The girl of a similar couple caught her escort's hand and saved his coin. The rural husband and father of a family of five was so bewildered that he paid without protest, and all the rest of the evening his wife scolded him for being a fool. A man in a well dressed party of six, a wealthy New Yorker, was slow, but not hesitant.

"Nice soft things, eh?" he remarked to the usher, who smiled blandly. "But we're not soft things," the joker added.

The six men arose as one for the pads to be removed. And so it went on till the audience was all in.

By a conservative estimate about one in ten of the 2,000 persons had yielded up the cash. There had been no row, even when a burly chap, who looked like a miner, refused to give up either the cushion or the coin.

The usher went away and conferred with his fellows, but no bouncers came, and the squatter held down his claim unmolested till he was ready to quit. Then he drew a pistol, tossed up the makeshift for a target and shot a hole through it.

Oh, yes; wild things are real once in a while in the wild show business For example:

Col. Zack Mulhall is a notable Texan, owner of a big ranch, on which many a celebrity has been entertained; the agent for live stock transportation on the Frisco railway, with headquarters in St. Louis; a capitalist in Indian and cowboy exhibitions and the father of Lucille Mulhall, whom Playwright Hoyt saw at her home and made the model for his Bossy girl in "A Texas Steer." Zack was a partner with Col. Fred Cummins in the Cummins Wild West Indian Congress on the Pike, and Lucille was a bronco buster and steer nooser in the entertainment.

Well, of a Saturday night, Zack Mulhall and Frank Reed, the boss hostler of the concern, quarrelled over the question whether or not Zack's horses were fed better or worse than Cummins's horses. The collision happened at the entrance in the presence of a multitude.

Not much was said before Zack pulled a revolver. Some eyewitnesses say that Reed did, too, and some say he didn't. There is the same uncertainty as to what was done by John Murray, a cowboy friend of his.

Anyway, after more shots had been fired than any one counted, Zack was unhurt, Reed and Murray lay on the ground, and an inactive spectator had a bullet hole in his breast.

Of course, there was terrific excitement. Col. Cummins came out, and maybe he meant to fight for his employees. But Zack got the drop on him.

"Throw up your hands!" cried Col. Zack.

"Don't be a fool," said Col. Fred, and kept his hands down. That advice seemed cooling to Zack. He pocketed his pistol and disappeared into the crowd. He fled away to the Indian reservation, but was found an hour later by the police. The next day he was released under $20,000 bail.

Now, you couldn't guess what has happened to Col. Zack Mulhall. Nothing about him has been sent out of St. Louis for publication, and even the local press has not treated it as a subject of special interest.

Zack had the three wounded men taken to his residence in St. Louis, where the best surgeons attended them at his expense; his three daughters—including Lucille—nursed them carefully, and they have recovered from their very dangerous wounds.

The Missouri Grand Jury to whom the case was presented took a truly Texan view of it. As the men Zack had shot wouldn't give evidence against him, and the affair had been settled amicably among the parties to it, why should the public prosecutor meddle with it?

So no indictment was found. The officers of the fair, however, ruled Zack off the Pike as a showman.

Therefore, he took his daughter Lucille and her cowgirl sisters, with his horse and a company of Indians and ranchers, to a place beyond the gates and there opened Mulhall's Wild West. Lucille is the star rough rider of the show. Last Sunday she lassoed and roped a vicious steer in thirty seconds.

And it is said that one of the Misses Mulhall is betrothed to Edward Morgan, the non-combatant and worst wounded of her father's victims, whom she nursed back to life from what looked like sure death.

THE GOLD HUNTER WHO HASN'T FOUND IT.

GOOD SIDE OF LOSING A JOB.

SUNDOWNERS WHO DID WELL WHEN FORCED TO HUSTLE.

One a Great Corporation Lawyer—Another Organized Japan's Postal Service—But Most of the Sundowners in Washington Stick to Their Government Offices.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 13.—The $1,300 a year Government clerk in Washington who recently wrote to THE SUN, stating his circumstances and asking whether he was making the best of his life and of himself, is a type of a very large class of men in the departmental employ here.

The departmental service in Washington embraces thousands of men competent to perform a far higher class of work than is required of them. Many are graduates of the best American universities, and not a few are post-graduates of European institutions of learning.

In the scientific bureaus of Washington, working for salaries ranging from $1,000 to $2,000 a year, are any number of men possessing degrees from German universities of the highest rank, whose education in their special branches cost medium sized fortunes. Then, too, there are plenty of ex-Judges, ex-Assemblymen, former District, State and Federal attorneys, and even a few former Congressmen occupying clerical posts in the Washington departments.

The very great majority of these men frankly confess themselves failures in life. There is not, as a rule, any bitterness in this view, for most of them are entirely willing to admit that there must be some quality essential to success lacking in themselves.

But in the departmental service there is a far larger class of men, also of a special training that fits them for work above that called for by the routine nature of their jobs, who are called sundowners. The Washington sundowner is so called because he practices a profession, usually medicine or dentistry, after the close of Government office hours, or after sundown.

Most of the sundowners are comparatively young men who have studied their professions here in Washington, while in the Government employ, and with the money earned from the Government, and who lack the nerve to resign their departmental billets, with the sure incomes attaching to the same, and take their chances with the practitioners already in the field. Not one of them out of a hundred—one out of 500 might be nearer the mark—ever quits his Government job after getting his clutch on it. The actual resignation of a sundowner from a departmental job is a thing of such rare occurrence that when it really does happen the man who takes the wild and reckless step is a hero among all of his Governmental friends and envied for his nerve by all the rest of the tribe of sundowners.

Before the establishment of the present civil service law the sundowners were just as liable to lose their jobs owing to changes of administration as the chaps who had no profession to depend upon, and a good many of the sundowners of those days thus forced out of office accomplished all, some of them more than they had ever hoped to accomplish.

A good many years ago, for example, a young lawyer in one of the Washington departments, who in addition to his Government work was trying petty claim and collection cases before the District of Columbia courts, was thrown out of his job by a change of administration, this having occurred when the spoils system prevailed.

The young man had only a few dollars put away. He had a large Land Office map of the United States hanging in his room. He blindfolded his eyes with a handkerchief, poked out the index finger of his right hand and walked toward the map.

The finger hit upon a little town in Arkansas. The fired clerk-lawyer was on his way to the little Arkansas town within twenty-four hours.

When he got there he opened a little office and started in to practise law. The cases came his way. He went into politics. Just three years after he had walked, blindfolded, toward the big map of the United States he arrived back in Washington with the credentials in his pocket for a seat in the lower house of Congress.

He served one term as a Congressman, and then he told his Arkansas constituency that he didn't want the seat any more. He moved up to Chicago, and he is to-day, as he has been for many years, the leading practitioner of corporation law in that city and one of the best corporation lawyers in the United States.

Every year during the winter season he comes along to Washington to look the old town over, and when he does he brings his family with him, and they take a suite embracing almost half a floor of the leading hotel here. He laughingly tells the old friends he meets here that he unquestionably would have been a Washington sundown lawyer yet had he not been fired from his Government job at the psychological moment, when he had his nerve with him.

Another sundowner who was fired had a clerical job in the Post Office Department. He had been in the Department for three or four years; and, being of an acquisitive mind, he had pretty well mastered the details of the United States postal system when he found himself in the street, literally without a dollar in the world.

Necessity was the mother of hustling for this one, too. He boarded a railway postal car leaving Washington for the West, for he had an idea, and a big one, in his head. The railway mail clerks all along the line to San Francisco carried him through as a dead head, covering him up with mail sacks when they scented the danger of an inspector entering the car.

At San Francisco, still with the big idea in his head, he secured a job as third assistant purser, or supercargo, or something of that sort, on board one of the steamers bound out of the Golden Gate for Yokohama. When he arrived, he went to see the American Minister to Japan at Tokio, and told that gentleman that he wanted an interview with some of the Ministers of the Mikado of Japan. He got the interview.

The Europeanization or Americanization of Japan was at that time well under way, but Japan's postal system was a joke. This young man was so convincing in his argument with the Mikado's Ministers that he was engaged to reorganize the postal system of Japan according to his own ideas, with especial reference to the American model.

He did reorganize the Japanese postal system, and it stands to-day just as he reorganized it. He didn't come back to the United States for many years, but when he did come he came in a white steam yacht of his own, and he was a millionaire a good many times over.

There are other instances of successful sundowners who were forced out. But the tenure of office—even of the minor offices—is pretty secure in Washington nowadays, so that a sundowner has to misbehave himself pretty seriously in order to lose his job.

MEN WHO OWN MANY YACHTS.

THE LARGEST SQUADRON THAT OF THE VANDERBILTS.

It Comprises a Dozen Steamers and Sailing Vessels, and Its Cost Is Put at $2,000,000—The Iselin Fleet Comes Next—Goulds Go in for Steam Yachts.

Alfred G. Vanderbilt recently purchased the fast steam yacht Vixen, formerly owned by John D. Archbold, and is using the boat on Narragansett Bay. He has renamed the boat Adroit, and is so pleased with it that he is having an auto boat built and is fast becoming as enthusiastic in the sport as his brother Cornelius, his cousin William K., Jr., and his uncles. The Vanderbilt family owns more yachts, and large ones, too, than any other family in this country and probably in the world, although there are some families in England and Scotland that can turn out large squadrons.

There are twelve boats in the Vanderbilt fleet, and they cost nearly $2,000,000. It is natural that the Vanderbilts should have a fondness for the water, because the foundation of the Vanderbilt millions was laid by the old Commodore, who owned boats that did a thriving business in the harbor and on the Hudson River.

The largest steam yacht flying the United States ensign is the Valiant. This vessel was built in Liverpool for W. K. Vanderbilt and is said to have cost $750,000. She is one of the most luxuriously fitted boats in the world, and when in commission has on board a crew of sixty men.

Frederick W. Vanderbilt bought some years ago the steam yacht Conqueror for $250,000, and to commission that boat means the employment of forty men. He still owns the Conqueror, but she is getting rather old. He recently had built the Warrior at a cost of about half a million dollars.

The Warrior is now in European waters and is expected to arrive here shortly. She is a large boat and is fitted up sumptuously. She has a crew of forty-five men.

It is the younger generation of the Vanderbilt family that goes in for racing, and Rear Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt is the most enthusiastic supporter of the sport. Last year he subscribed to the fund raised by yachtsmen for building and running the Reliance, and is a part owner of that boat.

He owns the steamer North Star, formerly the Sybarite, which cost $250,000 and on which he entertained the German Emperor at Kiel. The North Star gives employment to forty men.

His racing boat is the 80-foot sloop Rainbow; and this Mr. Vanderbilt sails himself in all her races. The Rainbow has a crew of twenty men and she cost $25,000.

The 100-foot steamer Mirage is used by Mr. Vanderbilt to act as a tender for the Rainbow and run about the harbor and sound. She cost $20,000 and has a crew of seven men.

W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., owns the turbine yacht Tarantula, which cost about $50,000 and employs fifteen men. His racing craft is the Virginia, a sister boat to the Rainbow, and he also has the fast auto boat Hard Boiled Egg, which cost $5,000.

Harold Vanderbilt owns a small boat named the Trivid which he uses at Newport.

Next to the Vanderbilts the Iselins own the largest fleet, but their boats are mostly small ones and are used chiefly for racing. C. Oliver Iselin is the managing owner of the Reliance and he has the power boat Reliance and the Hope II., a sailing craft.

William E. Iselin is the owner of the schooner Esmerald, which he uses extensively for cruising and racing every season. Columbus O'D. Iselin has the small steamer Helvetia II.

Adrian Iselin owns the steamer Adrienne, and Adrian Iselin, Jr., has the big steam yacht Surf. Some of the younger members of the family have small sailing craft which they race in the regattas on the Sound.

Ex-Vice-Commodore August Belmont and his two sons have several boats. He is the head of the Constitution syndicate and a part owner of that boat.

The Satellite, the tender for the Constitution, is a large boat, and the 80-footer Mineola is Mr. Belmont's racing craft. The Scout, a steamer similiar to the Mirage, is used as a ferryboat to bring Mr. Belmont to the city from Hempstead and his sons own the small racing boats Sandpiper, Kingfisher and Spoonbill.

J. Rogers Maxwell owns and races the 80 foot sloop Yankee and he uses the steam yacht Celt as a boat to live on and cruise in when the Yankee is not racing. He also has a power boat named Gail, which acts as a tender for the Yankee. Harry L. Maxwell owns the raceabouts Scamp and Tomboy.

The Goulds are fond of yachting. Since he sold the big steamer Atalanta, George J. Gould has usually chartered a steamer each season. He has been thinking of building a boat for some time, but has not quite made up his mind what he wants.

Howard Gould has the big steamer Niagara, in which he makes extensive cruises, and the fast steamer Niagara IV. he uses as a ferryboat to run between Sands Point and the city. Frank J. Gould has the steam yacht Helenita and Edwin Gould owns the steamers Aileen and Chichota.

Commodore Bourne has a good sized squadron of steamers. His flagship is the Delaware, a vessel of 750 tonnage and worth several hundred thousand dollars. Then he has the Colonia, Reverie and Artemis, all good sized boats, and a small boat named Scat.

AFTER SHAVING.

Remarks by the Commuters When the Conductor's Mustache Came Off.

When the conductor, who had always worn a heavy mustache, entered the smoking car of the suburban train last Friday morning there was a weak smile upon his long upper lip. The mustache had disappeared.

He tried to punch tickets with an absence of self-consciousness, but it was not easy, for these were some of the comments and questions handed to him by the commuters as he passed down the line:

"We'll make better time now we don't have to carry that mustache."

"Going to wear Galways?"

"Did you swallow it?"

"I beg your pardon, but this is so sudden."

"Get it on again, quick."

"Getting gray, was it?"

"Company regulation?"

"He's as pretty as a show girl."

"What made you stop at your mustache? Why didn't you shave your head?"

"Tired of carrying excess baggage, eh?"

"Did it tickle your nose?"

"Girl make you take it off?"

"Gee! You're handsome now."

"What did the barber give you for it?"

"He looks like Russell Sage."

"No, Lillian Russell."

"What fine teeth he has, now that we can see them."

"What makes your upper lip so blue?"

"Cold, and no wonder."

"Get a little bunch of spinach on your chin, and break even."

"Did you lose it on the ponies?"

"Why didn't you keep it to bet on the election?"

"You'd better paint one on your lip until the other grows again."

And so on. The only passengers who had nothing to say were two or three who were ostentatiously rendered speechless with horror.

A WARTIME DEAL IN MUSLIN

WHEN A. T. STEWART WAS BEATEN BY A JERSEY FARMER.

The Memory of the Transaction One of the Joys of the Life of Henry Jeroloman, Who Made $65,000 Out of It—Since Famous for His Strawberries.

There is an old farmer living at Hilton, N. J., who holds it as one of the joys of his life that once upon a time, over forty years ago, he proved himself clever enough to get the better of A. T. Stewart. He is Henry Jeroloman, who has since become little short of famous himself as the grower of the Hilton strawberry.

But it was many years before he ever thought of strawberries that he crossed swords with A. T. Stewart. He owns a lumber mill and a number of houses in a Western town, which he purchased from the proceeds of his deal with Stewart. There are in all two dozen houses, and for the possession of these and the lumber mill Jeroloman has the civil war to thank.

Just before the war began Jeroloman realized that it was bound to come. He realized also that muslin, which was then selling for from 12 to 15 cents a yard, would soon go up.

He thought over this for some time, and then he made up his mind to put all his available capital into muslin. He jogged thoughtfully over to New York and moved quietly around in the dry goods neighborhood, until he learned that A. T. Stewart had nearly all the muslin there was in the city at that time.

He then went in and offered to buy all the stock at the prevailing rate. The bill came to $33,000. Stewart's business associates readily agreed to sell.

Jeroloman did not have that amount of money, but he scraped around and raised as much as he could, and then offered his note at thirty days for the balance. The firm accepted the note. Jeroloman then told the concern to keep the goods until he called for them, and went back home to do some more thinking, and waiting.

In a short time Fort Sumter was fired on, and prices went up by bounds. When A. T. Stewart & Co. sought to replace their stock of muslin they found the price almost prohibitive, and Mr. Stewart became very angry.

He sent for Jeroloman and the farmer went over to see him. On arriving at the store Jeroloman found that Stewart had given his partner a raking over and had berated his muslin buyers for letting the stock go.

Once Jeroloman was in Mr. Stewart's office and the door was shut, the merchant tried his best to get the Jerseyman to give up the goods. He asked Jeroloman what he wanted of so much muslin anyway, since he was not a dealer.

Jeroloman replied that although he wasn't in the business, he had sense enough to see that muslin was bound to increase in value.

Stewart grew angrier and finally became abusive, but Jeroloman would not sell. He said he had seen a chance to make a lot of money and he wasn't going to lose it.

He told the merchant that he could get $1 a yard for muslin and that if the firm wanted that which he had bought from him it would have to pay that price. The interview ended with Stewart shouting to the farmer that he would have to remove his muslin from the store immediately.

Jeroloman at once went out and arranged for removing the goods and the next day a line of wagons came toiling in to Newark and drew up before his door. Jeroloman had no place to store the goods but in his own house, and soon the parlor and some of the bedrooms were piled high with the cases. Every available bit of space was soon taken up with big boxes.

Jeroloman then went back to New York and paid the balance due. He began by selling muslin at 25 cents a yard. Soon it went up to 50 cents, then to 75 and finally to $1 a yard.

When the muslin was all gone Jeroloman found he had cleared about $65,000 on the investment, and besides he had the satisfaction, which to him was no doubt tremendous, of knowing that he had been shrewder than one of the greatest merchants of the day.

POPULAR MAYORS.

Invincible in Their Home Cities, but Unable to Rise to Higher Office.

The late Samuel Jones, the Golden Rule Mayor of Toledo, was regarded as politically invincible in his home city, and he carried Toledo whenever he was a candidate in it; but when nominated for Governor in 1899 he was defeated.

William C. Maybury of Detroit, the most popular Democratic Mayor of that city, was elected for several terms, but when a candidate for Governor of Michigan in 1900 he was defeated.

David S. Rose of Milwaukee was repeatedly elected Mayor, but when nominated for Governor of Wisconsin in 1902 on the Democratic ticket he was defeated by the present Governor, La Follette. Carter H. Harrison, father of the present Mayor of Chicago, was generally regarded among politicians as invincible at the polls, and it has even been said of him that if his last term had not been shortened by assassination he might still be Mayor of Chicago. But on the only occasion when he ran for a State office—for Governor of Illinois against "Dick" Oglesby—he was defeated, and he did not aspire to any State office afterward. Mayor Seymour of Newark had very much the same experience when a candidate for Governor of New Jersey on the Democratic State ticket. Two other Mayors are in the same category, Thomas E. Kinney of Utica and Charles R. Parsons of Rochester. Mr. Parsons was six times elected to that office and served consecutively for fourteen years. The list of popular Mayors invincible at home but unable to go higher politically is a long one. The mention of these names recalls to mind the notable fact that some constituencies get the habit of constantly electing a candidate for Mayor who displays no great popularity when a candidate for a State office.

William S. Stokley of Philadelphia and Hugh O'Brien of Boston are two other instances of the same partiality of localities for popular Mayors.

Proved the Teacher Untruthful.

From the Indianapolis News.

Little Willie's teacher had been giving the children daily talks on natural history, each day taking up some animal and telling all she knew about it. On the day in question she talked about rabbits. Willie had a rabbit of his own, and that afternoon when he got home he took it out of its hutch. Holding it by the ears at arm's length in front of him, and assuming the manner of the pedagogue, he questioned, sternly:

"Seven times seven?"

No response from the rabbit.

"Six times six?" he demanded, shaking the rabbit roughly.

Still no response.

"Now, I'll give you an easy one. Five times five."

And still the rabbit stared without response.

Willie threw him down in disgust. "I knew that dern teacher was lying," said he. "She said rabbits was the greatest multipliers in the world."

NEW YORK'S POLISH COLONY.

IT IS PRO-JAPANESE AND KUROKI IS ITS HERO.

Rejoicing in East Side Cafes Over Russian Defeats—Close Ties Here Between the Jews and the Poles—A Polish Church With 6,000 Parishioners.

The cultivated Pole is the closest imitation of the Frenchman in Europe. He dances, he is elegant and fastidious in his dress. He is proud of his country's music and he has patriotism.

These qualities seem to reflect a brilliancy on the common people, the immigrants who come to New York. They, as much as the cultivated classes, are tired of Russian oppression. They are patriots, too. They are musical, sensitive, volatile. They talk a great deal; they are very much alive.

Six or seven thousand Poles keep up a handsome Catholic church near Tompkins Square. In one square mile of this part of New York live a quarter of a million from the interwoven European peoples of Russia, Roumania, Hungary Poland, Galicia, Lithuania. Most of these are Jews.

In Poland the Jew is, as it were, the guest of the Lithuanian. Here conditions are reversed. The Poles are a colony within a colony. They are the guests and are received as friends of the Yiddish speaking people, because of former kindly treatment. For in Poland the Jews were better off than anywhere else.

In Russia, Germany and Austria the Jews live among the Lithuanians; in New York the latter live as neighbors to the Jews.

They learn tailoring, chiefly, learn to speak Yiddish, and through this, English. They open little shops, they work in cement.

The girls take service almost exclusively in the Jewish families of the entire Ghetto, girls from the Slavic countries in Austria Ruthenia, Slovak, Poland.

When the Yiddish tailors struck lately, the Polish tailors also went on a sympathetic strike. Special handbills had to be printed in Polish, and speeches made in their language.

In other Polish centres, such as the mining districts in Pennsylvania, in Brooklyn, Cleveland, Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago, hundreds of thousands of Poles live in one quarter, rigidly clannish. Their peculiarity in New York is this intermingling with a very different race. The Jews are clannish, too. Yet they are in touch with the entire world, while the Poles are aliens even intellectually.

Here they intermarry. A Pole frequently marries a Jewess. It is said that these marriages are usually fortunate.

Such a marriage arouses the intense distress of the older orthodox Hebrews. A mother-in-law, who came to this country to find her daughter married to an intelligent Polish workingman, was outraged by this.

She grew violent, beat her head against the wall, and resorted to screaming at various times. The son-in-law was driven to drunkenness, the family was broken up. A Jewish child can not oppose a parent.

Another case was kept secret by the young wife when her parents arrived from Russia. She lived at home and also with her husband.

After a time of this double life the marriage had to become known. It is still a source of trial to her parents, although a reconciliation followed. But such marriages are one of the first steps toward amalgamation.

The Poles have their own cafés and life even while intermingling as they do with the Jews. At the cafés are dreamers of Polish liberty. There is great talk in the colony of Gen. Kuroki, whom they believe to be half Polish by birth.

He was the son, they say, of a Polish revolutionist named Kurovski. This man emigrated from Poland to escape arrest and fled to Holland. After a while he secured a Government office and was sent to Japan, where he married.

It is common talk among the Poles that this Kurovski on his death bed exhorted his young son to wait until he found a chance and then strike hard at Russia. This romantic incentive makes Kuroki the hero of the war to the Poles, who are intensely pro-Japanese.

They meet in their cafés and celebrate his victories and foresee more to come. They chatter and discuss and create visions of the liberty to come when Russia shall be beaten.

A prominent Russian Jew came into one of their little cafés in Second avenue recently. He pretended to be ignorant of their war feeling. Suddenly a man got up and shouted:

"Hurrah for Kuroki!"

"What's the matter with Oku?" the Russian demanded. "What's the matter with Nodzu?"

There was a pandemonium of explanation. "Don't you know? Haven't you heard? You don't know who Kuroki is?"

The Russian called for red wine. Then he rose to his feet.

"I drink to Kurovsky, the revolutionist!" he said.

This was the signal for a frantic demonstration of the wild enthusiasm that is characteristic of this fiery people.

Their discussions are fanciful; they paint the fact with imagination until one can not see its real face. Is not this what the great poet Chopin did with their music?

One man cut out a picture of Kuroki from a newspaper. He spent his time trying to prove that the face was Polish. It was proposed to invent a new soup to be called Kuroki. They dream of the time when Russia will be smashed, when she will not be able to hold the little nations together. If they speak in favor of the fatherland, it is all for the Austrian Government. They are fond of Francis Joseph.

What they bring of value to American people is probably in the main that delicately balanced make-up called temperament. This is their native gift. It is seen in many Polish Jews of New York.

Where the races of the earth congregate on the lower East Side is a city of itself. It is a cosmopolis without architecture, with little picturesqueness, overrun by people who come from lands where art is loved, where architecture is poetry, from desert steppes, from monastic towns, from cold lands of snow and great forests.

They represent sixty-six languages and do not understand each other's words. They huddle in rooms of houses so ugly that the builders need not hope for salvation. Families of eight or twelve live in three or four rooms and take boarders. The children are born and the parents have no time to study English.

In their various ways they love beauty, freedom, art, harmony, truth. They learn in their uncouth ways to make money, to value it.

The Polish Roman Catholic Church of St. Stanislaus has a rector who has been there for fifteen years. He built the new church with a fund of $50,000, and it has 6,000 parishioners.

In his spare hours, for rest, he paints pictures. These he hangs on the walls of the drawing room of the rectory. The anteroom is severe, with a painted floor. Two crucifixes, a skullin a glass case and a colored picture of the Virgin are all that distinguish this room from other small rooms in New York houses, and even the wall paper is common.

Other objects, a safe, a desk, a bulletin board, do not take away from the monastic look of the anteroom. But the drawing room is carpeted in red, there is a piano, and the paintings of the priest hang on the walls.

He speaks well of his parishioners. They are thrifty; they support the church well. And if they are excitable—well, people must do the best they can. On the whole, they are not dissipated; they are good people.